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withdrew into himself, and suffered the old hardness and indifference to divide him from men and women again.

The squire's daughter lost her brief power, and though she tried to cover her discomfort with gayety and flirtation, she steadily refused all offers of marriage, and the roses died out of her cheeks, one by one.

When five years were gone her curls were put plainly away, and she was grown as quiet and reserved, almost as the shoemaker himself, with whom meantime the world had continued to prosper, and he was become one of the richest and most influential of the citizens among whom he lived, for the little town where he settled had grown to a city.

Little Orphie was big enough now to bring and carry work to and from her mother's house; every day she was seen tripping down the hill with a bundle in her arm, and every day the shoemaker kissed her and called her his little sunbeam, and so she was in fact, for she lighted his lonesome life more than anything else.

The squire's daughter and he had been almost estranged for the last year. One day to his surprise she came to see him; her face pale and her eyes swollen from weeping—her father was about to be married, she said, to the woman who lived in the house with the two front doors—she could never be reconciled to such a marriage, and was about to leave her native home to make room for the intruder, and she could not go away without seeing Mr. Gilbraith once more, and feeling that they parted good friends. Her trembling voice and wet cheeks told how bitter, at best, that parting must be; suffice it that it never came about, and that instead, she became in due course of time, the mistress of a fine house of her own, and the wife of Mr. Gilbraith.—Everybody envied the couple and thought them very happy, and so perhaps they were; nevertheless the husband had his fits of melancholy, and had, it was reported, a room set apart in his fine house where he was accustomed to retire for hours together, during which times even his beautiful wife was excluded from his sympathy.

The house with the two front doors was deserted, and when Squire Bigsham's wife sat in the front pew of the church, or invited her friends to dine, it was no longer remembered that she had ever lived there in neglect and poverty.

When little Orphie was sick, Mrs. Gilbraith went home, and when she died Mrs. Bigsham shook hands with Mrs. Gilbraith, and in the child's grave all unfriendly feeling was buried.

When Peter Gilbraith, junior, was christened, there was a great merry-making at Squire Bigsham's, and when he was six years old there was no boy to be found who had so fine a beauty and so manly a courage as he. It was the autumn of that year, a rainy night, and the yellow leaves were coming down with every gust. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbraith sat chatting before a little fire, very happily, and making plans for the celebration of their wedding day. Little Peter was playing in the room specially dedicated to his father,—he was fond of being there because it was a liberty not often granted him. Suddenly he came staggering toward his parents—his eyes staring wide, and his face white as it could be. As soon as he could speak he said that while he was at play, a little girl wearing a red dress came to him and kissed him, and that when he spoke to her she turned into a shadow. The anniversary celebration was talked of no more that night.

BODY AND SOUL.

BY METTA VICTORIA VICTOR.

A LIVING soul came into the world—
Whence came it? Who can tell?
Or where that soul went forth again,
When it bade the world farewell?

A body it had, this spirit new,
And the body was given a name,
And chance and change and circumstance
About its being came.
Whether the name would suit the soul
The givers never knew—
Names are alike, but never souls:
So body and spirit grew,
Till time enlarged their narrow sphere
Into the realms of life.
Into this strange and double world,
Whose elements are at strife.

'Twere easy to tell the daily paths
Walked by the body's feet,
To mark where the sharpest stones were laid,
Or where the grass grew sweet;
To tell if it hungered, or what its dress,
Ragged, or plain, or rare;
What was its forehead—what its voice,
Or the hue of its eyes and hair.

But these are all in the common dust;
And the spirit—where is it?
Will any say if the hue of the eyes,
Or the dress, for that was fit?

Will any one say what daily paths
That spirit went or came—
Whether it rested in beds of flowers,
Or shrunk upon beds of flame?
Can any one tell, upon stormy nights,
When the body was safely at home,
Where, amid darkness, terror, and gloom,
Its friend was wont to roam?
Where, upon hills beneath the blue skies,
It rested soft and still,
Flying straight out of its half-closed eyes,
That friend went wandering at will?

High as the bliss of the highest heaven,
Low as the lowest hell,
With hope and fear it winged its way
On a journey that none may tell.

It lay on the rose's fragrant breast,
It bathed in the ocean deep,
It sailed in a ship of sunset cloud,
And it heard the rain-cloud weep.
It laughed with maids in murmurous caves,
It was struck by the lightning's flash,
It drank from the moonlit lily-cup,
It heard the iceberg's crash.

It haunted places of old renown,
It basked in thickets of flowers;
It fled on the wings of the stormy wind,
It dreamed through the star-lit hours.
Aha! a soul's strange history
Never was written or known,
Though the name and age of its earthly part
Be graven upon the stone!

It hated, and overcame its hate—
It loved to youth's excess—
It was mad with anguish, wild with joy,
It had visions to grieve and to bless;
It drank of the honey-dew of dreams,
For it was a poet true;
Secrets of nature and secrets of mind,
Mysteriously it knew.

Should mortals question its history,
They would ask if it had gold—
If it bathed and floated in deeps of wealth—
If it traded, and bought, and sold.
They would prize its worth by the outward dress
By which its body was known:
As if a *soul* must eat and sleep,
And live on money alone!

It had no need to purchase lands,
For it owned the whole broad earth;
'Twas of royal rank, for all the past
Was its by right of birth.
All beauty in the world below
Was its, by right of love,
And it had a great inheritance
In the nameless realms above.

It has gone! the soul so little known—
Its body has lived and died—
Gone from the world so vexing, small:
But the Universe is wide!